eate it.

Prince Thats to make him eate twenty of his words, but do you vſe me, thus Ned? muſt I marrie your ſiſter?

Poynes God ſend the wench no worſe fortune, but I neuer ſaid ſo.

Prince Wel, thus we play the fooles with the time, and the ſpirits of the wiſe ſit in the clowdes and mocke vs, is your maſter here in London?

Bard. Yea my Lord.

Prince Where ſups he? doth the old boare feede in the old Franke?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eaſtcheape.

Prince VVhat companie?

Boy Epheſians, my lord, of the old church.

Prince Sup any women with him?

Boy None my lord, but old miſtris Quickly, and miſtris Dol Tere-ſheet.

Prince VVhat Pagan may that be?

Boy A proper gentlewoman ſir, and a kinſwoman of my maſters.

Prince Euen ſuch kinne as the pariſh Heicfors are to the towne bull, ſhall we ſteale vpon them Ned at ſupper?

Poynes I am your ſhadow my Lord, ile follow you.

Prince Sirra, you boy and Bardolfe, no worde to your maſter that I am yet come to towne; theres for your ſilence.

Bar. I haue no tongue ſir.

Boy And for mine ſir, I will gouerne it.

Prince Fare you well: go, this Doll Tere-ſheete ſhould be ſome rode.

Poyns I warrant you, as common as the way between S. Albons and London.

Prince How might we ſee Falſtaffe beſtow himſelf to night in his true colours, and not our ſelues be ſeene?

Poynes Put on two letherne ierkins and aprons, and waite vpon him at his table as drawers.

Prince From a god to a bul, a heauy deſcenſion, it was Ioues caſe

caſe, from a pince to a prentiſe, a
be mine, for in enery thing the p
folly, follow me Ned.

Enter Northumberland his wife, a

North. I pray thee louing wife
Giue euen way vnto my rough a
Put not you on the viſage of the
And be like them to Percy troub

Wife I haue giuen ouer, I wi
Do what you wil, your wiſedom

North. Alas ſweete wife, my
And but my going, nothing can

Kate O yet for Gods ſake go
The time was father, that you bro
When you were more endeere to
When your owne Percie, when
Threw many a Northward look
Bring vp his powers, but he did
Who then perſwaded you to ſtay
There were two honors loſt, you
For yours, the God of heauen br
For his, it ſtucke vpon him as the
In the grey vault of heauen, and
Did all the Cheualry of England
To do braue acts, he was indeed
Wherein the noble youth did dr

North. Beſhrew your heart,
Faire daughter, you do draw my
With new lamenting ancient ou
But I muſt go and meete with da
Or it will ſeeke me in an other pl
And find me worſe prouided.

Wife O flie to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the arme
Haue of their puiſſance made a li

Kate If they get ground and